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CHANTREY'S STATUE OF WASHINGTON, NOW IN THE STATE HOUSE AT BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

Lucien, who had also tainted the blood imperial by marrying a woman he loved. Brother Lucien replied that he had a great regard for brother Napoleon, but he would rather kill his family with his own hands than stoop to the infamy of disowning his wife and disinherit his children—and he never did.

Brother Jerome appears to have sent no reply to Napoleon; but having crossed the sea and sent his wife to Holland, wrote affectionate letters to her; while she, passing over to England, gave birth there in July, 1805, to the present Mr. Bonaparte, of Baltimore. She remained in England until the November of 1806, still getting the pleasant letters from her husband; and in November she returned with her son to the United States. Meanwhile the Emperor had asked Pope Pius Seventh to annul the marriage, which his Holiness forbade to refuse.

But meanwhile, also, the Elector of Wurtemburg had become King of Wurtemburg, by the treaty of Friedberg, and his daughter, the Princess Royal, was a desirable bride for Napoleon's brother Jerome. On the 1st of June, the Archbishop of Paris did what the Pope had failed to do, and annulled the Jerome marriage. On the 1st of July the Jerome wrote a few complimentary lines—only four or five—to his young wife, hinting nothing of the future, but cold and commonplace. It was the last letter he wrote to her; and on the 12th of August, in the next year, Brother Jerome married the Wurtemburg Princess, and in the following year became the adopted King of Westphalia. In May, 1808, the King of Wurtemburg for his son, and wrote to his wife that she should never forget the tender ties, etc., etc.; but Madame Bonaparte refused to surrender her child. The King wrote again in November, offering to make her a princess, and "our son" a prince, if she would come and live near him and his new wife. With womanly honor, Madame Bonaparte refused to answer his insults.

In February, 1812, Jerome tried it again, and his wife answered him in a firm negative, adding that a divorce by act of the Maryland Legislature, "reserving her own rights, and those of her son."

In 1810 Madame Bonaparte went to Europe, and was received by the family as one of them. Joseph proposed his daughter as a bride for her son; and the relations between all the members of the Bonaparte house recognized Jerome of Baltimore as the son of his father; and when Mr. Bonaparte went to Paris in 1814, Jerome presented him with a copy of his decree of divorce, and Jerome Bonaparte is to be considered in France as "legitimate." But the Wurtemburg branch were alarmed, and the next year prayed that the Baltimoreans should "exercise no rights which belong to the legitimate issue," and should therefore drop the family name. The "Family Council" decreed that they should bear the name, but have no rights of succession. At the same time honors were offered to the son of Mr. Bonaparte, of Baltimore, as "M. Bonaparte Patterson." He declined them, however, as being a most modest letter to the Emperor. "As I was always been sole proprietor as such by my family, by the laws of all countries, and by the whole world, it would be the extreme of baseness and dishonor on my part to accept a breed of bastardy."

The peculiar importance of this case is that the Prince Napoleon is the heir-apparent after the Prince Imperial. But if his father's first marriage was legal, and the issue therefore legitimate, Mr. Bonaparte, of Baltimore, is at least the elder brother; and if the legitimate elder brother, then the next heir after the young Prince.

INEBRIATE ASYLUM.

There is no evil in society, however ineradicable it may seem, that will not gradually yield to greater knowledge—as there is no night so long and dark but that at last the sun rises upon it—but that of the future, not of the past; and "the good old times" is a phrase which describes the condition we are approaching rather than that we have left behind.

One by one every bodily infirmity engages the genius of science, and the laws of life being more thoroughly mastered, science suggests a remedy or an alleviation. The mad and the idiotic are, not of old, cast out of human sympathy and tender care; and at last the drunkard is to be cured, too.

Cribs is held by certain omnipotent physicians to be a moral disease; and drunkenness is now considered by many wise men to be likewise a disease, both physical and moral, and they propose that it shall be so treated. Even if it be only an infirmity of the will, they ask, can we not treat that infirmity? They think that they can, and the State Inebriate Asylum has been constituted. Duties are set, and have for some time been actively engaged in the work of recovery and compensation. They are erecting a building, which is now completed to the fourth story, and they intend to open it for patients in the autumn. It will accommodate four hundred, and already there have been nearly 4500 applications received from every State in the Union, and every county in the State. The funds have been collected in every part of the State by contributions of ten dollars, and the trustees have for now worked without any compensation. They now propose to ask assistance from the Legislature.

And why not? What citizen would not, in every wise way, try to prevent crime, as well as insist upon its punishment? We can not prevent a man's getting drunk; but if we find that we can conquer the wish to get drunk, is not that worth trying?

And would not prevention, which takes the effort to be proof against the infirmities of the humanity and happiness of the State as any other?

In Dean Ramsay's lately published "Romances of Scottish Life and Character," there are some curious anecdotes and details of the hard drinking of Scotland a century ago. Drunkenness

was regarded as a manly thing. One "accomplished and worthy gentswoman" took pains to cultivate the habit of drinking in her sons, holding that all young men should be accustomed "to carry liquor discreetly;" and her son, the young laird, was obliged to drink daily a certain quantity of wine, whether he liked it or not. So in Ireland, fathers used to force their sons "to make their heads while they were young." As an illustration of the organized and thoughtful hostility of this universal habit of drunkenness, the Dean tells a story of Mackenzie, the "Man of Feeling."

The worthy gentleman was caught at a drinking party, and there was no escape. One by one his companions fell from his side, and dropped under the table or rank. In length, to have himself not dropped too, he lay flat, and taking a breath for morning, he fell a pair of scissars across his throat. "What's this?" cried Mackenzie. "Sir," was the reply. "I'm the lad that's loose the neckcloths." In that hospitable house they provided against apoplexy or suffocation!

In the hospitable house of the State Asylum provision will be made against drunkenness itself:

ASSAULTS UPON THE LANGUAGE.

As you go up the Bowery in the cars, or, strolling upon the sidewalk, you have before you, in full view, the Cooper Institute, one of our noblest public works. The building itself, if not very beautiful, or its factories, is yet massive and imposing. It is built upon the site of the palaces of the Bowery into the Third and Fourth Avenues. The triangular plot of inclosed ground marks the very point of the separation. Opposite, upon the Third Avenue, is the new market and armory of the Seventh Regiment; so that the old hay-market space has become one of the handsome bits of the city. But as you approach the stately Institute, you become aware of some sign upon the front that excites your curiosity. Is it a brief inscription of "Free Reading Room" or an explanatory note of the purpose of the building? No, it is neither. We are near enough now. We can read distinctly: "Free Reading Room for Males and Females."

Male and female what? Why is not the sign completed? Do you think that it means men and women? But why? Women are females, but so are cows. Men are males, certainly, but so are donkeys. Do you say that it means, of course, reading males and females, and that donkeys are not? Not so fast, you never see with a book in his hand at the Society Library, and at least apparently. Besides, ladies are there learned pigs—no dogs that know the alphabet? Again, if men and women are meant, why not say so? Isn't man as good a word to describe a *homos* as male? Male is a distinction of sex common to all animals, those that don't read as well as those that do. Man is a word that describes the reading male. Imagine Mr. Everett beginning an oration. He rises nobly. He looks round upon the throng of intelligent men—men before him, He begins: "Female and males."

Let us have the right words in the right places. The room at the Cooper Institute is doubtless for the use of men and women. Then why not say so?

There is a similar and amusing circumstance in using the word "gentlemen." A sign on a steamer says: "Gentlemen are requested not to spit upon the cushions!" You might as well put up a request, "Gentlemen are respectfully desired not to pick each other's noses."

That is what is the matter with the word *officer*; that it should be supplanted by that wail of all vulgarisms, *official*. We used to think that the President of the United States was the chief executive officer of the Government; but now he is an *official*. A Collector is an *official*. A Postmaster is another *official*. What has become of the *officers*? Have they all gone off with men and women, leaving the world to males, females, and officials?

DOBREYING-ING.

LOOKING about the world, you may hear a great deal said about tolerating other people's views. In this country, however, such an expression has rightfully no meaning at all; for it implies that some people or some party have rights which other people and parties have not. Louis Napoleon may properly be said to tolerate freedom of the press, because, by the theory of his government, he is the final judge of what is best. But with us there is no final judge. The Episcopate, for instance, in this country, may be called "tolerate"; the Quakers in America, who tolerate the Methodists. Every man has a final and absolute right, conceded by the theory of the government, to think as he pleases upon religious subjects. It is precisely so in politics. All the parties have the same rights. One party doesn't tolerate another's neighbor wearing a brown coat.

Our government is a government of *opinion*; and even finding a man in the wrong, we do not legitimate only by free thought and free discussion; they are the two fundamental points of our whole system; and the man who talks about suffering another man to express his opinions is a despot in his heart, and unconsciously, perhaps, but none the less certainly—a traitor to the spirit of the government.

Give a six man plenty of air, and give a six man plenty of freedom of discussion. As Mr. Bailey justly said, in his curious and amusing speech at the Cooper Institute, the other evening, half of the difficulty that besets us arises from attempted interference with the right of every citizen to think and say what he chooses. A certain New England mayor lately laid down the remarkable doctrine that, if you undertake to express your opinion, you do not do it in the right way.

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When our government was young, and old John Adams was President, he was afraid of the popular forces, so he composed what were called *Laws*. One of the articles provided that it should be an indictable offense to "speak ill of the President!" Think of that, Master Brooks! Think of depriving us of the luxury of our quadrigesimal canvas, which consists in saying what we think of the powers that be! Fancy the Whigs, twenty years ago, deprived of the privilege of saying what they thought of the excellent Sage of Lindenwald, and disengaging it! It was treason to shout, in continental cherna, the Whig hillbillys that sang the Democrats out of office:

"And with them we'll beat little Van;
Van, Van, we used a man up!"

The man who follows the sea thinks he shall get up with one of these days.

Man, anatomists say, changes entirely every seven years. "Tibetorum," says the witty dandy, "my tailor ain't the man who contracted it."

"Oh, Sir, is entirely unbusinessable; I never do it with my eyes open."

Some people have no touch of imagination. In *Frederick* says he once read Ciderhouse, a Marquis to a hard-hearted old lawyer, who listened patiently to the close of the story, and said, "I don't think that the author must have been a *horseshoe fool*."

When the affairs of Italy were the subject of general conversation, Jervell was very enthusiastic over Maxwil and his party. He was talking hopefully and warmly of his project, one evening at a party, when a very cold and stiff man interrupted Jervell, to the distress of the poor old man. "At last, jersel, fairly run over by the cold of his project," said Maxwil sharply to him, and said, "Sir, I'll thank you to throw no more of your cold water, 'tis bad for me."

An opinion of Heinrich Ziebold, the German author of *Confession of a Spy*, on Louis Napoleon, reads rather curiously now. Ziebold, who was born at Bonn, was thirty years ago: "I have made a few expeditions to the Orient, and to the East Indies, and to the South Seas. This led me to the conclusion that the Emperor of Russia is the name of Horatio, is a clever, and in his way, a good man. His son, Prince Louis, the translator of my *Confession*, is called twice, and misses me each time. Thinking of that, I say to myself, 'What he would have been something of a throne.' I wish the King of Denmark could adopt him."

A man who liked hunting bought some pigs, asked a neighbor for the use of a pen for a few days. Said he, "I have just had the pleasure of a pen for a few days. Said he, "I want to put them in my pen till I can find a place for them." "Two thousand pigs!" exclaimed the neighbor. "I have no room for two thousand pigs!" "Well, then two thousand right, but two thouth and pig!" "I have no room for two thousand right, but two thousand pigs!" "I have no room for two thousand right, but two thousand pigs!" "I tell you, man, you must be crazy!" "I tell you, man, you must be not two thousand right, but two thousand pigs!" "I tell you, man, that is what you mean, sir! Well, the pen is at your disposal."

In a very thin house, an actress speaks very low in her communication to her lover. The lover, whose benefit it happened to be, exchanged with a woeful humor, "My dear, you may speak out; there is nobody to hear us."

A footman learned from his master that mephistopheles had given him a place of lodgings. Meeting a brother footman who had been dismissed, he said, "Ah! my dear fellow, I am sorry for you; you are unemployed."

"Do you think," asked Mrs. Pepper, rather simply, "that a little temper is a bad thing in a woman?" "Certainly not," replied the gallant philosopher; "it is a good thing, and she ought never to lose it."

The late Sir Henry Smith, long M.P. for Colchester, was one of the Tories of the old school; and among the accusations of his enemies, it was charged that he had changed him a reputation for folly and obstinacy, which did not borne out by his real character. On one occasion he was invited to dine in the house of a friend, and on asking a heavy-drinking farmer for his vote, he was replied, "I'd vote for Sir Henry, Sir Henry, as usual, only you're dead, and I can't eat the fat of the land for want of a good娱乐."

"Sambo, is your master a good farmer?" "Oh, yes, sir, he is a good master." "How is he?" "He is dead, and make money; don in de spring he sell da land, and lasses, paice, pair go out—pair as you go out, reet is awhom" (right it at home).

Bonders upon the stage have often relieved a dull play; and it is remarkable that if one actor studies another is almost sure to follow his example. Charles Mathews, if he once blundered in his popular *All Alone*, was sure to do it again in *Widow's Tears*, in *Widow's Tears*, in *Widow's Tears*. Two of the most celebrated stage Bonders once occurred in the comedy of the "*Clarendon Marriage*," when a young man, who had a good deal of fun along the gallery with a man in his hand, and another "locked the key, and put the door in his pocket."

DOWDFUL FINE.—If a man can not skate, he will probably flounder.

RATHER OUTRAGE.—To be importuned by your wife to get your life insured.

Galmethorpe was once examined as a witness on trial respecting the originality of a picture, when a counsel endeavored to puzzle him by saying, "I observe you lay stress upon the expression in a painter's eye." "I observe upon that expression," said a painter's eye, answered Galmethorpe, "it is to him what a lawyer's tongue is to a horse."

"Don't you think, husband, that you are apt to believe every thing you hear?"—No, Madam, not when you talk."

A citizen of Berlin, Prussia, a man in comfortable circumstances, is periodically awakened with a sharp knock at his door. He goes to the door, and finds the assassin in violet of this strange fancy by the payment of three thousand. According to the calculation of his family, in the year he has been disturbed, he has paid out two hundred and sixty-seven lats. At a recent musical festival, fifty-nine lats were sacrificed to this curious frenzy, and the entertainment was paid a hundred and fifty-nine thalers.

A wife's farewell to her husband every morning.—Say and buy.

Some people assert that they have seen a horse drawn a bell-peals, a lump of coal smokes, a pull run, a sun-dance, and a wheel-vortex.

If you wish to learn all your defects, quarrel with your best friend, and you will be surprised to find what a villain you are even in the estimation of a friend.

AN IRISHING CHARACTER.—A magistrate, when he fines you,

Your friends and associates can not be amused except by tricks of wit, and you had better lay them out than make one of yourself.

When men, say, fall in their rights and hearing, they had better console themselves with the thought that they have seen and heard quite enough.

Some men are always fond of raising their voices, because perhaps it is the only way they can talk.

New England—Mr. Edward Everett, let us say—knocked down and robbed upon the Boston Committee.

He appealed to Mayor道格拉斯 for redress.

"Edward, what you are a pretty fellow, my boy!"

When the winter was over, he said to his master,

"I am a man of the world."

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OFFICERS' QUARTERS AT FORT SUMTER.—[FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER OF MAJOR ANDERSON'S COMMAND.]

**THE OFFICERS' QUARTERS AT
FORT SUMTER.**

Such intense interest is felt in every thing which concerns the garrison at Fort Sumter that we are

glad to present our readers with the accompanying picture of the Officers' Quarters at Fort Sumter, from a sketch kindly sent us by one of our military correspondents in that work. It shows that the gallant officers are comfortable.

GOOD-BY TO FORT SUMTER.

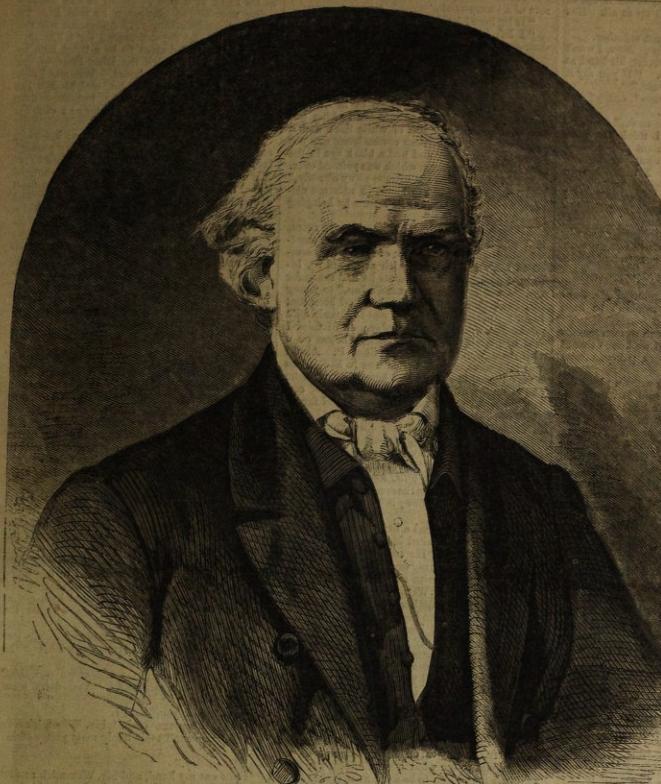
We publish herewith a picture of the good-bye waved to Fort Sumter by the wives and children of the soldiers quartered in that work, as they

steamed past in the Marion, on 2d inst., on their way to New York. The scene is thus described in a note from one of the passengers on board the Marion:

"On Sunday, the 2d inst., as the steamer Marion was pro-



GOOD-BY TO SUMTER—FEBRUARY 8, 1861.



THE LATE REV. DR. MURRAY.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRISCKEHOFF AT LAWRENCE'S GALLERY.]

ceding down Charleston harbor, bound for New York, and having on board among the passengers the wives—about twenty in number—of clerks belonging to the soldiers stationed at Fort Sumter; a somewhat exciting scene occurred. On nearing the fort the signal gun was soon mounted on the top of the ramparts, and when the ship was passing fired a gun and gave three heart-thrilling shots as a parting farewell to the dear loved ones on board, whom they may possibly never meet again this side the grave.

The response was weeping and wavering sobs to husband and fathers. A small hand went up in an instant for each combatant, by instruments of death, as five fire could be seen from the steamer's deck, with their guns pointing toward Sumter.

"At the ship proceeded on her voyage, the earnest prayer of many sympathizing hearts on board was that no collision would ever take place between them, so hotly arrayed against each other, but who are in reality brothers."

REV. NICHOLAS MURRAY, D.D.

The death of the Rev. Dr. Murray, of Elizabeth, New Jersey, which occurred on the 4th of February, 1861, is a loss to the Church and the world. We present his portrait in this paper, and desire to record, in a few words, our sense of his worth and his greatness, and our personal sorrow in the loss of a valued correspondent and a beloved friend.

He was a native of Ireland, and largely endowed with the finest qualities peculiar to the noblesse of the Emerald Isle. His warm and glowing heart, his genial humor, his sparkling wit, the ready repartee, the enthusiastic temperament, the generous disposition, were the natural traits of character that made him the best of company and the most constant of friends.

He died on Christmas day, in the year 1802. While he was yet a mere boy his father died, young Nicholas was put into a store to begin almost without education, the struggle and labors of life. At the early age of twelve he was keeping a set of books in a store in Dublin. Induced by the reports from America to believe that his chances of success would be greater here, he came to this country in 1818, and immediately found employment as a compositor of Harper & Brothers, and a home in the family of his employer. While here, he was brought into society, and under such influences as led him to forsake the Roman Catholic Church, in which he had been born; and first connecting himself as a prothonotary with the John Street Methodist Episcopal Church, soon became a member of the Brick Presbyterian Church, of which Dr. Spring was and is the pastor.

While engaged in the study of law he commenced study in preparation for the ministry, in connection with a fellow-apostle, now the Rev. J. C. Oakley, of Cold Spring, New York. He entered Williams College, under the presidency of the distinguished Dr. Edward Dow Griffen, and graduated with honor in 1826; and afterward pursued a thorough course of theological study at the

Seminary in Princeton, New Jersey. After a few months of itinerant service in connection with the American Tract Society, he was settled over two churches in Wyoming Valley, Wilkesbarre and Kingston, Pennsylvania. His remarkable pulpit talents and his high promise attracted attention, and in 1833 he was called and installed pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Elizabethtown, New Jersey, one of the largest churches in the State. He remained there until the close of the remainder of his life, twenty-eight years of eminent usefulness, untiring labor, and the most enviable of human distinction—a career marked by ceaseless devotion to the best interests of his people and the highest good of the human family. The various institutions of Christian benevolence called him to their counsels, and he served them with self-denying activity. The cause of education in the Christian cause he gave an object to which he gave constant attention; and colleges, seminaries, schools found him an appreciating director, supporter, and friend.

In the year 1847 he addressed a series of letters to Bishop Hughes, the distinguished prelate at the head of the Roman Catholic Church in New York. These letters first appeared in the *New York Observer*, and were extensively reprinted in other papers, languages, and lands. They presented the history of the rapid progress from Roman-Catholicism to Protestantism and the religious reforms for adhering to the Church of Rome. The vigorous style, the genial humor, biting sarcasm, anecdotes, incidents, illustration, argument, and appeals blended so harmoniously as to give them a popularity perhaps without a parallel in religious literature. The first series was followed by a second and third. The *sophomores* of the writer, KIRKMAN, could not conceal the New Jersey divine, and he soon became familiar to all Christian lands. Crossing a fence in Elizabeth, he approached him and saying he had been told by some one on board that he was from America, asked "If he had ever seen a man by the name of Kirkwan there?" He had been reading his letters to Bishop Hughes, and would like to hear about the author.

Dr. Murray made two or three journeys in Europe, seeking relaxation from arduous labors, and giving opportunity for those compositions which he gave to the press. His letters have been collected in volumes, and are published under the following titles: "Letters to Bishop Hughes;" "Romanism at Home;" "Men and Things in Europe;" "American Principles on National Propriety;" "Parish and Other Pencillings;" "The Happy Home."

On Friday, February 1, he was attacked by neuralgia, and the distress continued without awakening painful apprehensions until Monday the 4th, in the evening, when a sudden fainting fit, under intense pain, gave him warning that his hour had come. "My work is done," he said; and giving his dying course to his family, send-

ing messages to absent friends, he commanded those he loved, his country and his spirit to God who he served, he lifted up his hands, pronounced a parting blessing on all around him, and with all the calmness and serenity of one "lying down in pleasant dreams," he fell asleep.

In person Dr. Murray was a model of manly vigor; of middle height, broad chest and shoulders, with a round, ruddy face, a broad, high forehead, and bright eyes, expressive of countenance, his appearance was at once attractive and commanding. In conversation overflowing with humor, he was the soul of good company. As a pastor he was always at work, ready at every call; in the chamber of sickness, in the homes of the poor, among the young—every where he was found, and always a welcome guest. His sermons were made with the greatest care, his pulpits were made with the greatest care, his sermons being completed as if for the press, and often far in advance of the time when they were to be delivered.

His funeral was attended on Friday, February 8, with every demonstration of respect and affection that could be paid by the most affectionate people. All the places of business in the city were closed. The bells of all the chimneys tolled in concert as the procession walked the streets. A hundred clergymen went over his lifeless clay. Eloquent eulogies were pronounced in the church that was draped in mourning and crowded to its utmost capacity by a mourning congregation. His remains were laid in the yard adjoining the church, in the midst of his children and his beloved flock.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XIX.

The journey from our town to the metropolis was a journey of about five hours. It was a little past mid-day when the four-horse stage-coach by which I was a passenger got into the

ravel of traffic frayed out about the Cross-Keys, Wood Street, Cheapside, London.

We Britons had at that time particularly setled that it was treasonable to doubt our having and our being the best of every thing; otherwise, while I was scared by the immensity of London, I think I might have had some faint doubt whether it was not rather ugly, crooked, narrow, and smoky.

Mr. Jaggers had duly sent me his address; it was Little Britain, and he had written after it on his card, "just out of Smithfield, and close by the coach-office." Nevertheless, a hackney-coachman, who seemed to have as many cates to his name as he was years old, packed me up in his coach, and hemmed me in with a folding and fidgeting number of steps, as if he were going to take me fifty miles. His getting on his box, which I remember to have been decorated with an old weather-stained green hammer-cloth, moth-eaten into rags, was quite a work of time. Altogether, it was a wonderful equipage with six great coronets outside, and ragged things inside to stop presently. And stop we presently did, in a gloomy street, at certain offices with an open door, wherein was painted MR. JAGGERS.

"How much?" I asked the coachman. The coachman answered, "A shilling—unless you wish to make it more."

I naturally said I had no wish to make it more.

"Then it must be a shilling," observed the coachman. "I don't want to get into trouble. If we are to stop presently. And stop we presently did, in a gloomy street, wherein was painted MR. JAGGERS, and shook his head.

When he had got his shilling, and had in course of time completed the ascent to his box, and had got away (which appeared to relieve his mind), I went into the front office with my little portmanteau in my hand, and asked, Was MR. JAGGERS at home?

"He is not here," returned the clerk. "He is in Court to present. Am I addressing Mr. Pip?"

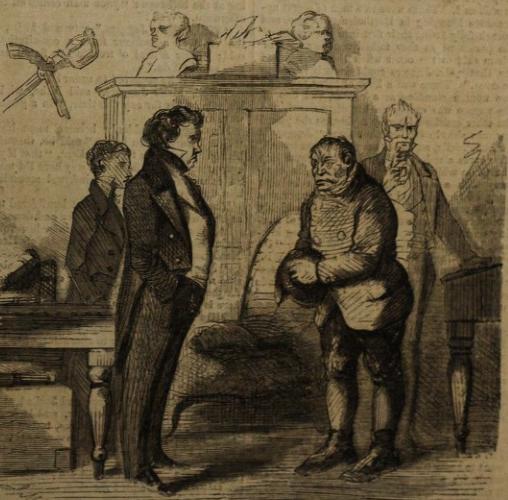
"Mr. Jaggers left word you would wait in his room. He couldn't say how long he might be, having a case on. But it stands to reason, his time being valuable, that he won't be longer than he can help."

With those words the clerk opened a door, and ushered me into an inner chamber at the back. There stood a gentleman with one eye, in a velvet suit and a powdered moustache, who wiped his nose with his sleeve on being interrupted in the perusal of the newspaper.

"Go and wait outside, Mike," said the clerk.

I began to say that I hoped I was not interrupting—when the clerk shoved this gentleman out with a little ceremony as I ever saw used, and tossing his fur cap out after him, left me.

Mr. Jaggers' room was lighted by a skylight only, and was a most dismal place; it was skylight eccentrically patched, like a broken head, and the distorted adjoining houses looking at it as they had twisted themselves to peep down at me through it. There were not so many papers about as I should have expected to see; and there were some odd objects about that I should not have expected to see—such as an old rusty scythe, a sword and a scabbard, several strange-looking boxes and packages, and two dreadful casts on a shelf of faces peculiarly swollen, and twitchy about the nose. Mr. Jaggers' own high-



"YOU INFERNAL SCOUNDREL, HOW DARE YOU TELL ME THAT!"

backed chair was of deadly black horse-hair, with rows of brass nails round it like a coffin; and I could see how he leaned back in it, and bit his forefinger at the clients. The room was but small, and the clients seemed to have had a habit of backing up against the wall, especially opposite to Mr. Jaggers's chair, which was greasy with soot.

I recalled, too, that the one-eyed gentleman had shuffled forth against the wall when I was the innocent cause of his being turned out.

I sat down in the cliential chair placed over against Mr. Jaggers's chair, and became fascinated by the dismal atmosphere of the place. It called to mind that the clerk had a sense of knowing something to every body else's disadvantage as his master had. I reflected how many other clerks there were up stairs, and whether they all claimed to have the same detrimental mastery of their fellow-creatures. I wondered what the history of all the odd litter about the room, and how it came there. I wondered whether the two swollen faces were of Mr. Jaggers's family, and, if so, were so unfortunate as to have had a pair of such ill-looking relations, why he stuck them on that shelf, perch for the blacks and flies to settle on, instead of giving them a place at home? Of course I had no experience of a London summer day, and my imagination was oppressed by the heat, the sun-burnt air, and by the dust and grit that lay thick on every thing. But I sat wondering and waiting in Mr. Jaggers's close room, until I really could not bear the two casts on the shelf above Mr. Jaggers's chair, and got up and went out.

When I told the clerk that I would take a turn in the air while I waited, he advised me to go round the corner, where I should come into Smithfield. So I came into Smithfield, and the shameful place, being all asnear with filth and fat and blood and foam seemed to stick to me. So I rubbed it off with all possible speed by turning into a street where I saw the great black dome of Saint Paul's bulging at me from behind a grim stone building which a by-street said was Newgate Prison. Following the wall of the jail I found a way through with straw to deaden the noise of passing vehicles; and from this, and from the quantity of people stinking about, smelling strongly of spirits and beer, I inferred that the trials were on.

With I looked about me here, an exceedingly dirty and partially drunk minister of justice asked me if I would like to step in and hear a trial or so: informing me that he could get me a front place for half a crown. The Lord Chief Justice in his robes—mentioning that awful personage like wax-work, and presently offering him at the reduced price of eighteen pence. As I declined the proposal on the plea of an appointment, he was so good as to take me into a yard and show me where the gallows was kept, and also where people were publicly whipped, and then he showed me the Debtors' Door, out of which the culprits came to be hanged; holding the interest of that dreary place by giving me to understand that a fear on 'em would come out at the door the day after tomorrow at eight in the morning, to be killed in a row. This was horrible, and gave me rather a sickening idea of London: the more so as the Lord Chief Justice's proprietor wore (from his down to his boots, and up again to his pocket-handkerchief inclusively) miledew clothes, which had evidently not belonged to him originally, and which, I took it into my head, had bought up of the executors. I was greatly astonished. I thought myself hard rid of him for a shilling.

I dropped into the office to ask if Mr. Jaggers had come in yet, and I found he had not, and I strolled out again. This time I made the tour of Little Britain, and turned into Bartholomew Close; and now I became aware that other people were waiting about for Mr. Jaggers as well as I. There were two men of appearance longing in Bartholomew Close, and thoughtfully peering into the cracks of the pavement as they talked together, one of whom said to the other when they first passed me, that "Mr. Jaggers could do it if it was to be done." There was a knot of three men and two women standing at a corner, and one of the women was crying on her dirty shawl, and the other comforted her by saying, as she was her own shawl over her head, "Don't be afraid for him, Melior; there's more could you have?" There was a red-headed little Jew who came into the Close while I was listening there, in company with a second little Jew whom he sent upon an errand; and while the messenger was gone, I remarked this Jew, who was of a highly excitable temperament, performing a jag of anxiety under a lamp-post, and accompanying himself in a kind of frenzy, with the words, "So help me God! Neat you say it face to face?"

"Well, Mas'r Jaggers," returned Mike, in the voice of a sufferer from a constitutional cold; "arter a d'ar' o' trouble I've found one, Sir as a doot."

"What is he prepared to swear?"

"Well, Mas'r Jaggers," said Mike, wiping his nose off for cap this time, "in a general way, I think."

Mr. Jaggers suddenly became most irate.

"Now I warn you before," said he, throwing his forefinger at the terrified client, "that if you ever presumed to talk in this way here I'd make an example of you. You infernal scoundrel, how dare you tell me that?"

The client looked scared, but bewildered too, as if he were unaccustomed to be so done.

"I suppose," said the clerk, in a low voice, giving him a spit with his elbow, "Soft Head! Neat you say it face to face?"

"Now, I say you, blundering hooby," said my guardian, very sternly, "once more, and for the last time, what the man you have brought here is prepared to swear?"

Mike looked hard at my guardian, as if he were trying to learn a lesson from his face, and slowly replied, "Ather to character, or to having been in his company and never left him all the night in question."

"Now, be careful. In what station of life is this man?"

Mike looked at his cap, and looked at the floor, and looked at the ceiling, and looked at the clerk, and even looked at me, before beginning to reply, in a nervous manner, "We've dressed him up like—" when my guardian blustered out:

"What? You WILL, will you?"

"To speoney!" added the clerk again, with another stir.

After some helpless casting about, Mike brightened and began again:

"I don't ask you when you made it up or where, or whether you made it up at all. Wemmick git it?"

"Very well; then may you. Now, I won't have it!" said Mr. Jaggers, waving his hand at them to put them behind him. "If you say a word to me I'll throw up the case."

"We thought, Mr. Jaggers—" one of the men began, pulling off his hat.

"That's what I told you not to do," said Mr. Jaggers. "You thought? I know for you; that's enough for you. If I want you, I know where to find you; I don't want you to find me. Now, I won't have it. I won't have a word."

The two men looked at one another as Mr. Jaggers waved them behind again, and humbly fell back and were heard no more.

"And now you?" said Mr. Jaggers, suddenly stopping and turning to the two women with the shawls, from whom the three men had meekly withdrawn. "Oh! Amelia, is it?"

"And do you remember?" retorted Mr. Jaggers, "that but for me you wouldn't be here and couldn't be here?"

"You Sir?" exclaimed both women together.

"Lord bless you, Sir, well we know that!"

"Then why?" said Mr. Jaggers, "do you come here?"

"My Bill," Sir!" the crying woman pleaded.

"Now, I'll tell you what!" said Mr. Jaggers.

"Once more, Sir! If you don't know that your Bill is in good hands, I know it. And if you come here, bothering about your Bill, I'll make an example of both your Bill and you, and let him slip through my fingers. Have you paid Wemmick?"

"Oh yes, Sir! Every farden."

"Very well. Then you have done all you have got to do. Say another word—one single word—and Wemmick shall give you your money back."

This terrible threat caused the two women to fall off immediately. No one remained now but the excitable Jew, who had already raised the skirts of Mr. Jaggers's coat to his lips several times.

"I don't know this man!" said Mr. Jaggers, in the same devastating strain. "What does this fellow want?"

"Ma'am, Ma'r Jaggers! Hown brother or Mr. Abraham Latharouth!"

"One more, Sir!" said Mr. Jaggers. "Let go my coat."

The suitor, kissing the hem of the garment again before relinquishing it, replied, "Habraun Latharouth, on thuthipthon of place."

"You're too late," said Mr. Jaggers, "I am over the way."

"Holy father, Mithter Jaggerth!" cried my excitable acquaintance, turning white. "don't you know Abraham Latharouth?"

"I am," said Mr. Jaggers, "and there's an end of it. Get out of the way."

"Mithter Jaggerth! Half a moment! My houn ethun' gone to Mithter Wemmick at thith premitte minute, to heffim hany temtch."

"Mithter Jaggerth! Half a quarter of a moment! If you'd have the condehenteon to be bought off from the other thide—at hany therper priore!—money no object!"—Mithter Jaggerth—Mister—Well!"

My guardian, though his applicant off with supreme indifference, and left him dancing on the pavement as if it were red-hot. Without further interruption we reached the front office, where we found the clerk and the man in velvetzen with the fur cap.

"Here's Mike," said the clerk, getting down from his stool, and approaching Mr. Jaggers confidentially.

"Oh! said Mr. Jaggers, turning to the man, who was just a look of hair in the middle of his forehead, like the Ball in Cock Robin sitting at the bell-rope, "your man comes on this afternoon. Well?"

"Well, Mas'r Jaggers," returned Mike, in the voice of a sufferer from a constitutional cold; "arter a d'ar' o' trouble I've found one, Sir as a doot."

"What is he prepared to swear?"

"Well, Mas'r Jaggers," said Mike, wiping his nose off for cap this time, "in a general way, I think."

Mr. Jaggers suddenly became most irate.

"Now I warn you before," said he, throwing his forefinger at the terrified client, "that if you ever presumed to talk in this way here I'd make an example of you. You infernal scoundrel, how dare you tell me that?"

The client looked scared, but bewildered too, as if he were unaccustomed to be so done.

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"What? You WILL, will you?"

"To speoney!" added the clerk again, with another stir.

After some helpless casting about, Mike brightened and began again:

"He is dressed like a 'spectable pieman. A sort of a pastry-cook."

"Is he here?" asked my guardian.

"I left him," said Mike, "a settin' on some door-step round the corner."

"Take him in past window, and let me see him."

The window indicated was the office-window.

We all three went to it, behind the wire blind, and presently saw the client go by in an accidental manner, with a murderous-looking tall individual, in a short suit of white linen and a paper cap. This guileless confectioner was not by any means sober, and was swaying in the green stage of reversion, which was past over.

"Tell him what his witness saw directly," said my guardian to the clerk, in extreme disgust, "ask him what he means by bringing such a fellow as that."

My guardian then took me into his own room, and while he hunched, standing, from a sandwich-bin and a pocket-flask of sherry (he seemed to bully his very sandwich as he ate it), informed me what arrangements he had made for me.

"I was to go to Barnard's Inn," to young Mr. Pocket's, where a bed had been sent in for my accommodation—I was to remain with young Mr. Pocket until Monday: on Monday I was to go with him to his father's house on a visit, that I might try how I liked it. Also I was told what my allowance was to be—it was a very liberal one—and had handed to me from one of my guardian's drawers the cards of certain tailors with whom I was to deal for a variety of clothes, and such other things as would be necessary in reason want."

"Young Mr. Pocket, my guardian, whose flask of sherry looked like a whole caskful, as he hastily reflected himself, "but I shall by this means be able to check your bills, and to pull you up if I find you outrunning the constable. Of course you'll go wrong somehow, but that's no fault of mine."

After I had pondered a little over this encouraging sentiment, I asked Mr. Jaggers if I could be sent for a coach? He said it was not worth while I was so near my destination. Wemmick should walk round with me, if I pleased.

"I am to go to Barnard's Inn," said Mr. Wemmick.

"So it does me."

He led me into a corner and conducted me up a flight of stairs—which appeared to me to be slowly collapsing into saw-dust, so that one of these days the upper lodgers would look out at their doors and find themselves without the means of coming down—to a set of chambers on the top-floor. Mr. POCKET, JUN., was painted on the door, and there was a label on the letter-box, "Return shortly."

"He'll think you'd come so soon," said my guardian.

"No, thank you," said I.

"As I keep the cash," Mr. Wemmick observed, "we shall most likely meet pretty often. Good-day."

"Good-day."

I put out my hand, and Mr. Wemmick at first looked at it as if he thought I wanted something. Then he looked at me, and said, correc-

tively, "It's to be sure! Yes. You're in the habit of shaking hands?"

I was rather confused, thinking it must be out of the London fashion, but said yes.

"I have got so 'out of it'" said Mr. Wemmick—“except at last. Very glad, I'm sure, to make you acquaintance. Good-day!"

"Good-day."

When we had shaken hands and he was gone I opened the staircase window, and had nearly behaved myself for the lines had been drawn, and it could not like to be unfair. Happily it was a fine day. I had not put my head out. After this escape I was content to take a foggy view of the Inn through the window's incrusting dirt, and to stand dolefully looking out, saying to myself that London was decidedly overrated.

Mr. Pocket, Junior's, idea of Shorly was not mine, for I had nearly maddened myself with looking out for half an hour, and had written my name with my finger several times on the dirt of every hand in the window, before I heard the sound of voices.

"Gradually there arose before me the hat, head, neckcloth, waistcoat,

trowsers, boots, of a member of society of about my own standing.

He had a paperbag under each arm, and a bottle of strawberries in one hand, and was out of breath.

"Mr. Pip?" said he.

"Mr. Pocket?" said I.

"Dear me!" he exclaimed. "I am extremely sorry; but I knew there was a coach from your part of the country at midday, and I thought you would come by that time. The fact is, I have been out of account—not that is any excuse—for I thought, coming from the country, you might like a little fruit after dinner, and I went to Covent Garden Market to get it good."

For a reason that I had I fel as if my eyes would start out of my head, and as if this must be a dream.

"As he was fast making jam of his fruit by wrestling with the white while the paper-bags were under his arms, I begged him to allow me to hold them. He relinquished them with an agreeable smile, and combed with the door as if it were a wild beast. It yielded so suddenly at last that he staggered back upon me, and I staggered back upon the opposite door, and we both laughed. But still I fel as if my eyes must burst out of my head, and as if this must be a dream."

"Come in," said Mr. Pocket, Junior. "This door's so to say!"

As he was fast making jam of his fruit by

wrestling with the white while the paper-bags were under his arms, I begged him to allow me to hold them. He relinquished them with an agreeable smile, and combed with the door as if it were a wild beast. It yielded so suddenly at last that he staggered back upon me, and I staggered back upon the opposite door, and we both laughed. But still I fel as if my eyes must burst out of my head, and as if this must be a dream.

"Allow me to lead the way. I am rather bare here, but I hope you'll be able to make out tolerably well till Monday. My father thought

you would get on more agreeably through to-morrow with me than with him, and might like

to take a walk about London, I am sure I shall be very happy to show London to you. As to our table, you won't find that bad, I hope, for it will be supplied from our coffee-house here, and (it is only right I should add) at your expense, such being Mr. Jagger's directions. As to our lodgings, it's a very simple affair, splendid, but we have a few bread & butter, and my father hasn't any thing to give me, and I shouldn't be willing to take it if he had. This is our sitting-room—just such chairs and tables and carpet and so forth, you see, they could spare from home. You mustn't give my credit for the table-cloth and spoons and casters, because they come for you from the coffee-house. This is my little bedroom—rather musty; but there is a chair and a desk, and some furniture hired for the occasion, but I trust is will answer the purpose; if you should want anything, I'll go and fetch it. The chambers are retired, and we shall be alone together; but we shan't fight, I dare say. But, dear me, I beg your pardon, you're holding the fruit all this time. Pray let me take these bags from you. I am quite ashamed."

As I stood opposite to Mr. Pickett, Junior, delivering him the bags, one I saw the startling appearance come into his own eyes that I knew to be in mine, and he said, falling back:

"Lord bless me, you're the provoking boy!"

"And you," said I, "are the pale young gentleman!"

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Friday, 5th in the Senate, the resolution for extending the time for receiving testimony with respect to the McCormick reaper, was called up by Senator Wade, of Ohio, and the special order being postponed, debate upon it was commenced and carried forward by Senator Douglass, of Illinois, Johnson, Tennessee, and Latham, of Connecticut. The amendment was withdrawn, and the bill was passed. Senator Sibley, of Michigan, Douglass of Illinois, Johnson, Tennessee, and Latham of Connecticut, and Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, presented a letter from the Secretary of War, requesting the extension of the time for receiving testimony, and asking for the adjournment of the session. It was voted that the bill should die and fall due before the 4th of March, and it is estimated to cost \$10,000,000. The surviving revenue of the bill is estimated to amount to \$5,000,000 to be borrowed.

This is in the Treasury, but the amount of the loan, gold or otherwise, while drawn

upon, is \$20,000,000 are unanswered.

The bill for the extension of the time to adjourn the session before the close of the present session renders it indispensable to the Secretary to advertise for a loan immediately. Mr. Douglass, of Illinois, moved a bill to meet its demands, and asked for its immediate passage. Mr. Garrett, of Virginia, objected, and, under the rules, the bill was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. The bill was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs, and finally closed with an interchange of opinions relative to the effect of the recent election in Virginia.

On Saturday, 6th, the bill was taken up to carry out the treaty with New Granada, was taken up and passed. The Tariff Bill was taken up, and Senator Seward gave notice that he would not speak on it, but would introduce the warehousing system. The bill was laid over without action, and the bill for the better organization of the militia of the District of Columbia was introduced for consideration. The bill was referred to the Committee on Military Affairs for modification. The Senate soon afterward adjourned.

In the House, in joint convention, the Senate and Representatives, to receive the returns of the Electors, and to hear the result declared.

The galleries of the House were densely crowded, and the members of both houses, and their friends, thronged the passages, and declared their contents, and at the conclusion of their formalities adjourned the session.

On Sunday, 7th, the bill was introduced for consideration of the report of the Committee of Thirty-three, and speeches were made by Messrs. Henton, of Tennessee, who protested forthwith against the bill, and Mr. Foote, of Missouri, who supported it, Douglass, of Pennsylvania, and others. The motion was finally passed. This action, it is understood, will have the effect of defeating the proposed extension of the patent law.

On Monday, 8th, in the Senate, the resolution for extending the time for receiving testimony with respect to the McCormick reaper, was called up by Senator Wade, of Ohio, and the special order being postponed, debate upon it was commenced and carried forward by Senator Douglass, of Illinois, Johnson, Tennessee, and Latham, of Connecticut, and others. The motion was finally passed. This action, it is understood, will have the effect of defeating the proposed extension of the patent law.

On Tuesday, 9th, in the Senate, the resolution for extending the time for receiving testimony with respect to the McCormick reaper, was called up by Senator Wade, of Ohio, and the special order being postponed, debate upon it was commenced and carried forward by Senator Douglass, of Illinois, Johnson, Tennessee, and Latham, of Connecticut, and others. The motion was finally passed. This action, it is understood, will have the effect of defeating the proposed extension of the patent law.

On Saturday, 13th, in the Senate, the Naval Appropriation bill was passed. The Chairman of the Committee of Conference on the amendment to the bill, reported in his committee to agree to the Committee's bill.

A motion made by Senator Hale, that the Senate recede from the bill, was laid over, and the bill was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

On Monday, 14th, in the Senate, the bill for the organization of the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, and other legislation relative to the same, was introduced.

On Tuesday, 15th, in the Senate, the bill for the organization of the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, and other legislation relative to the same, was introduced.

On Saturday, 19th, in the Senate, the bill for the organization of the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, and other legislation relative to the same, was introduced.

On Monday, 20th, in the Senate, Senator Green, of Missouri, offered a resolution, which was laid over, asking the President to communicate to him the reasons why he had not issued an executive order to prohibit the importation of slaves into the District of Columbia.

On Tuesday, 21st, in the Senate, Senator Green, of Missouri, and resolution were offered by Mr. Craigie, of North Carolina, and referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations, instituting the Proclamation of the State of South Carolina, and others, to receive in their official capacity such Commissions as may be sent by the Government of that Confederacy to Washington, D. C., and the like.

On Wednesday, 22d, in the Senate, Mr. Corwin, of Massachusetts, offered an amendment providing for the building of seven steam-ships of war. Senator Hale, of Maine, moved to lay the bill on the table.

On Thursday, 23d, in the Senate, Senator Hale, of New Hampshire, offered an amendment providing for the building of seven steam-ships of war. Senator Hale moved to lay the bill on the table.

On Friday, 24th, in the Senate, Senator Hale, of New Hampshire, offered an amendment to the bill for the organization of the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, which was objected to by Mr. Winslow, of North Carolina, instructing the Judiciary Committee to inquire into the expediency of making the bill applicable to the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, without the consent of all the States. Mr. Sibley, of New York, offered a resolution, which was adopted, requiring that no such bill be introduced into the Senate during the remainder of the day. The appropriation for the organization of the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, and other legislation relative to the same, was introduced.

On Saturday, 25th, in the Senate, Senator Hale, of New Hampshire, offered an amendment providing for the building of seven steam-ships of war. Senator Hale moved to lay the bill on the table.

On Monday, 27th, in the Senate, Senator Hale, of New Hampshire, offered an amendment to the bill for the organization of the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, which was objected to by Mr. Winslow, of North Carolina, instructing the Judiciary Committee to inquire into the expediency of making the bill applicable to the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, without the consent of all the States. Mr. Sibley, of New York, offered a resolution, which was adopted, requiring that no such bill be introduced into the Senate during the remainder of the day. The appropriation for the organization of the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, and other legislation relative to the same, was introduced.

On Tuesday, 28th, in the Senate, Senator Hale, of New Hampshire, offered an amendment providing for the building of seven steam-ships of war. Senator Hale moved to lay the bill on the table.

On Wednesday, 29th, in the Senate, Senator Hale, of New Hampshire, offered an amendment to the bill for the organization of the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, which was objected to by Mr. Winslow, of North Carolina, instructing the Judiciary Committee to inquire into the expediency of making the bill applicable to the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, without the consent of all the States. Mr. Sibley, of New York, offered a resolution, which was adopted, requiring that no such bill be introduced into the Senate during the remainder of the day. The appropriation for the organization of the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, and other legislation relative to the same, was introduced.

On Thursday, 30th, in the Senate, Senator Hale, of New Hampshire, offered an amendment providing for the building of seven steam-ships of war. Senator Hale moved to lay the bill on the table.

On Friday, 31st, in the Senate, Senator Hale, of New Hampshire, offered an amendment to the bill for the organization of the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, which was objected to by Mr. Winslow, of North Carolina, instructing the Judiciary Committee to inquire into the expediency of making the bill applicable to the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, without the consent of all the States. Mr. Sibley, of New York, offered a resolution, which was adopted, requiring that no such bill be introduced into the Senate during the remainder of the day. The appropriation for the organization of the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, and other legislation relative to the same, was introduced.

On Saturday, 1st, in the Senate, Senator Hale, of New Hampshire, offered an amendment providing for the building of seven steam-ships of war. Senator Hale moved to lay the bill on the table.

On Monday, 3d, in the Senate, Senator Hale, of New Hampshire, offered an amendment to the bill for the organization of the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, which was objected to by Mr. Winslow, of North Carolina, instructing the Judiciary Committee to inquire into the expediency of making the bill applicable to the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, without the consent of all the States. Mr. Sibley, of New York, offered a resolution, which was adopted, requiring that no such bill be introduced into the Senate during the remainder of the day. The appropriation for the organization of the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, and other legislation relative to the same, was introduced.

On Tuesday, 4th, in the Senate, Senator Hale, of New Hampshire, offered an amendment providing for the building of seven steam-ships of war. Senator Hale moved to lay the bill on the table.

On Wednesday, 5th, in the Senate, Senator Hale, of New Hampshire, offered an amendment to the bill for the organization of the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, which was objected to by Mr. Winslow, of North Carolina, instructing the Judiciary Committee to inquire into the expediency of making the bill applicable to the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, without the consent of all the States. Mr. Sibley, of New York, offered a resolution, which was adopted, requiring that no such bill be introduced into the Senate during the remainder of the day. The appropriation for the organization of the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, and other legislation relative to the same, was introduced.

On Thursday, 6th, in the Senate, Senator Hale, of New Hampshire, offered an amendment providing for the building of seven steam-ships of war. Senator Hale moved to lay the bill on the table.

On Friday, 7th, in the Senate, Senator Hale, of New Hampshire, offered an amendment to the bill for the organization of the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, which was objected to by Mr. Winslow, of North Carolina, instructing the Judiciary Committee to inquire into the expediency of making the bill applicable to the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, without the consent of all the States. Mr. Sibley, of New York, offered a resolution, which was adopted, requiring that no such bill be introduced into the Senate during the remainder of the day. The appropriation for the organization of the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, and other legislation relative to the same, was introduced.

On Saturday, 8th, in the Senate, Senator Hale, of New Hampshire, offered an amendment providing for the building of seven steam-ships of war. Senator Hale moved to lay the bill on the table.

On Monday, 9th, in the Senate, Senator Hale, of New Hampshire, offered an amendment to the bill for the organization of the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, which was objected to by Mr. Winslow, of North Carolina, instructing the Judiciary Committee to inquire into the expediency of making the bill applicable to the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, without the consent of all the States. Mr. Sibley, of New York, offered a resolution, which was adopted, requiring that no such bill be introduced into the Senate during the remainder of the day. The appropriation for the organization of the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, and other legislation relative to the same, was introduced.

On Tuesday, 10th, in the Senate, Senator Hale, of New Hampshire, offered an amendment providing for the building of seven steam-ships of war. Senator Hale moved to lay the bill on the table.

On Wednesday, 11th, in the Senate, Senator Hale, of New Hampshire, offered an amendment to the bill for the organization of the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, which was objected to by Mr. Winslow, of North Carolina, instructing the Judiciary Committee to inquire into the expediency of making the bill applicable to the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, without the consent of all the States. Mr. Sibley, of New York, offered a resolution, which was adopted, requiring that no such bill be introduced into the Senate during the remainder of the day. The appropriation for the organization of the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, and other legislation relative to the same, was introduced.

On Thursday, 12th, in the Senate, Senator Hale, of New Hampshire, offered an amendment providing for the building of seven steam-ships of war. Senator Hale moved to lay the bill on the table.

On Friday, 13th, in the Senate, Senator Hale, of New Hampshire, offered an amendment to the bill for the organization of the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, which was objected to by Mr. Winslow, of North Carolina, instructing the Judiciary Committee to inquire into the expediency of making the bill applicable to the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, without the consent of all the States. Mr. Sibley, of New York, offered a resolution, which was adopted, requiring that no such bill be introduced into the Senate during the remainder of the day. The appropriation for the organization of the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, and other legislation relative to the same, was introduced.

On Saturday, 14th, in the Senate, Senator Hale, of New Hampshire, offered an amendment providing for the building of seven steam-ships of war. Senator Hale moved to lay the bill on the table.

On Monday, 15th, in the Senate, Senator Hale, of New Hampshire, offered an amendment to the bill for the organization of the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, which was objected to by Mr. Winslow, of North Carolina, instructing the Judiciary Committee to inquire into the expediency of making the bill applicable to the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, without the consent of all the States. Mr. Sibley, of New York, offered a resolution, which was adopted, requiring that no such bill be introduced into the Senate during the remainder of the day. The appropriation for the organization of the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, and other legislation relative to the same, was introduced.

On Tuesday, 16th, in the Senate, Senator Hale, of New Hampshire, offered an amendment providing for the building of seven steam-ships of war. Senator Hale moved to lay the bill on the table.

On Wednesday, 17th, in the Senate, Senator Hale, of New Hampshire, offered an amendment to the bill for the organization of the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, which was objected to by Mr. Winslow, of North Carolina, instructing the Judiciary Committee to inquire into the expediency of making the bill applicable to the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, without the consent of all the States. Mr. Sibley, of New York, offered a resolution, which was adopted, requiring that no such bill be introduced into the Senate during the remainder of the day. The appropriation for the organization of the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, and other legislation relative to the same, was introduced.

On Thursday, 18th, in the Senate, Senator Hale, of New Hampshire, offered an amendment providing for the building of seven steam-ships of war. Senator Hale moved to lay the bill on the table.

On Friday, 19th, in the Senate, Senator Hale, of New Hampshire, offered an amendment to the bill for the organization of the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, which was objected to by Mr. Winslow, of North Carolina, instructing the Judiciary Committee to inquire into the expediency of making the bill applicable to the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, without the consent of all the States. Mr. Sibley, of New York, offered a resolution, which was adopted, requiring that no such bill be introduced into the Senate during the remainder of the day. The appropriation for the organization of the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, and other legislation relative to the same, was introduced.

On Saturday, 20th, in the Senate, Senator Hale, of New Hampshire, offered an amendment providing for the building of seven steam-ships of war. Senator Hale moved to lay the bill on the table.

On Monday, 21st, in the Senate, Senator Hale, of New Hampshire, offered an amendment to the bill for the organization of the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, which was objected to by Mr. Winslow, of North Carolina, instructing the Judiciary Committee to inquire into the expediency of making the bill applicable to the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, without the consent of all the States. Mr. Sibley, of New York, offered a resolution, which was adopted, requiring that no such bill be introduced into the Senate during the remainder of the day. The appropriation for the organization of the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, and other legislation relative to the same, was introduced.

On Tuesday, 22d, in the Senate, Senator Hale, of New Hampshire, offered an amendment providing for the building of seven steam-ships of war. Senator Hale moved to lay the bill on the table.

On Wednesday, 23d, in the Senate, Senator Hale, of New Hampshire, offered an amendment to the bill for the organization of the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, which was objected to by Mr. Winslow, of North Carolina, instructing the Judiciary Committee to inquire into the expediency of making the bill applicable to the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, without the consent of all the States. Mr. Sibley, of New York, offered a resolution, which was adopted, requiring that no such bill be introduced into the Senate during the remainder of the day. The appropriation for the organization of the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, and other legislation relative to the same, was introduced.

On Thursday, 24th, in the Senate, Senator Hale, of New Hampshire, offered an amendment providing for the building of seven steam-ships of war. Senator Hale moved to lay the bill on the table.

On Friday, 25th, in the Senate, Senator Hale, of New Hampshire, offered an amendment to the bill for the organization of the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, which was objected to by Mr. Winslow, of North Carolina, instructing the Judiciary Committee to inquire into the expediency of making the bill applicable to the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, without the consent of all the States. Mr. Sibley, of New York, offered a resolution, which was adopted, requiring that no such bill be introduced into the Senate during the remainder of the day. The appropriation for the organization of the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, and other legislation relative to the same, was introduced.

On Saturday, 26th, in the Senate, Senator Hale, of New Hampshire, offered an amendment providing for the building of seven steam-ships of war. Senator Hale moved to lay the bill on the table.

On Monday, 27th, in the Senate, Senator Hale, of New Hampshire, offered an amendment to the bill for the organization of the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, which was objected to by Mr. Winslow, of North Carolina, instructing the Judiciary Committee to inquire into the expediency of making the bill applicable to the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, without the consent of all the States. Mr. Sibley, of New York, offered a resolution, which was adopted, requiring that no such bill be introduced into the Senate during the remainder of the day. The appropriation for the organization of the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, and other legislation relative to the same, was introduced.

On Tuesday, 28th, in the Senate, Senator Hale, of New Hampshire, offered an amendment providing for the building of seven steam-ships of war. Senator Hale moved to lay the bill on the table.

On Wednesday, 29th, in the Senate, Senator Hale, of New Hampshire, offered an amendment to the bill for the organization of the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, which was objected to by Mr. Winslow, of North Carolina, instructing the Judiciary Committee to inquire into the expediency of making the bill applicable to the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, without the consent of all the States. Mr. Sibley, of New York, offered a resolution, which was adopted, requiring that no such bill be introduced into the Senate during the remainder of the day. The appropriation for the organization of the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, and other legislation relative to the same, was introduced.

On Thursday, 30th, in the Senate, Senator Hale, of New Hampshire, offered an amendment providing for the building of seven steam-ships of war. Senator Hale moved to lay the bill on the table.

On Friday, 31st, in the Senate, Senator Hale, of New Hampshire, offered an amendment to the bill for the organization of the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, which was objected to by Mr. Winslow, of North Carolina, instructing the Judiciary Committee to inquire into the expediency of making the bill applicable to the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, without the consent of all the States. Mr. Sibley, of New York, offered a resolution, which was adopted, requiring that no such bill be introduced into the Senate during the remainder of the day. The appropriation for the organization of the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, and other legislation relative to the same, was introduced.

tenden and Summer, which was finally stopped by a motion to consider the special order—the Navy Appropriation bill. The proposition under discussion was to amend, by striking out, the words "and the sum of \$10,000,000 for the defense of the country." Senator Green, of Missouri, addressed the general subject of the national troubles, and the condition of the slaves. The bill was then referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. Douglass of Illinois, Johnson, Tennessee, and Latham of Connecticut, and Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, presented a letter from the Secretary of War, requesting the extension of the time for receiving testimony, and asking for the adjournment of the session. It was voted that the bill should die and fall due before the 4th of March, and it is estimated to cost \$10,000,000. The surviving revenue of the bill is estimated to amount to \$5,000,000 to be borrowed.

This is in the Treasury, but the amount of the loan, gold or otherwise, while drawn

upon, is unanswered.

the Conferenee, and the inspection of such duties as are necessary to meet the present expected expenditure. The power to raise revenue should be limited to the object of importation, or of not exceeding 10 per centum upon imports, but nothing more than that can be done. We can also be devolving our attention to a Constitution and Government, static and durable, which is one of the chief objects of our assembly. Following are some extracts from the speech of Mr. Douglass:

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S ADIEU TO SPRINGFIELD.

On Monday, 11th, at eight A. M., President Lincoln left Springfield, having passed the night in a room at his hotel, with his wife to stand on the platform, and with his wife, and asking silence, spoke as follows to the multitude that stood in silent reverence and with their heads bowed:

"MY FRIENDS.—No one not in my position can appreciate the state of mind in which I stand at this parting.

To this I can add, that my wife and I have been here for nearly half a century, here my children were born, and here on them have lived."

"I know not how soon I shall see you again, but I hope to do so before long."

"I have no doubt that you will be here to witness the preservation of the Union."

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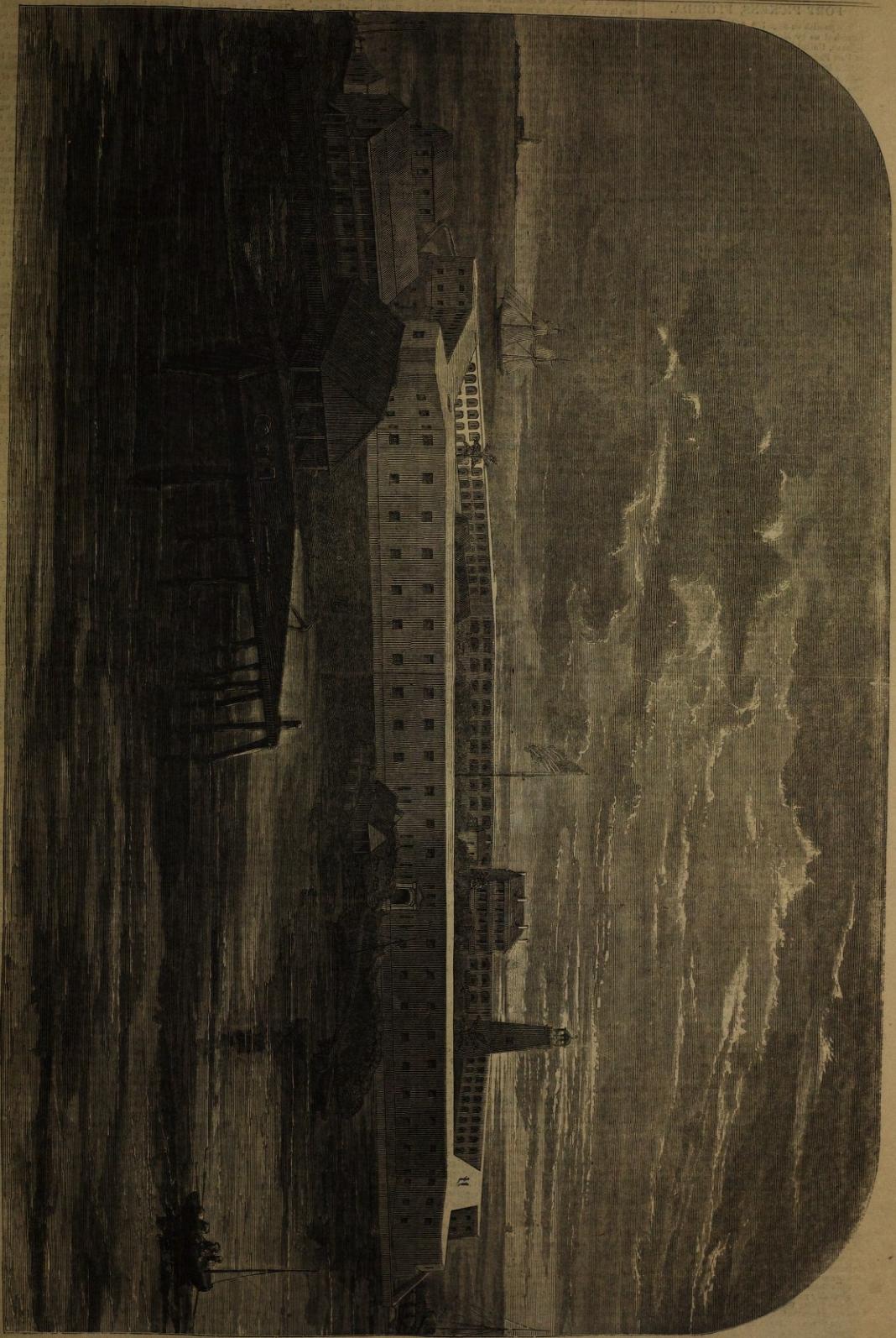
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FORT PICKENS, PENSACOLA HARBOR, FLORIDA—LOOKING SEWARD. FORT MCRAE IN THE DISTANCE.—FROM A SKETCH BY MRS. LIEUTENANT GILMAN, JUST ARRIVED FROM PENSACOLA.—[See Page 122.]



FORT JEFFERSON, TORTUGAS (KEY WEST), FLORIDA—From a Sketch by a Member of the Garrison.—[See PAGE 122.]



LIEUT. SLEMMER, U.S.A., COMMANDING FORT PICKENS.—[FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE.—[SEE PAGE 123.]

DAVIS AND STEPHENS, PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

PRESIDENT DAVIS AND VICE-PRESIDENT STEPHENS.

The accompanying portraits of Jefferson Davis and Alexander Stephens will introduce to our readers the newly-elected President and Vice-President of the new Southern Confederacy, organized at Montgomery, Alabama, on 4th February.

JEFFERSON DAVIS, the new President, was born in Kentucky about 1806, and is consequently about 54 years old. Having migrated to the Territory of Mississippi, he settled with his boy, he went to President Monroe's favor of being admitted at West Point, from which institution he graduated in 1823. He was lucky enough to be employed on active service at once, under Colonel (afterward President) Z. T. Taylor, and served throughout the Black Hawk War. His capture of the chief Black Hawk, and the friendship which sprang up between him and his prisoner, are among the most romantic episodes of the history of the war. In 1835, having married a daughter of General Taylor, he settled down on a cotton plantation in Mississippi, and acquired some wealth.

In 1845 he was elected to Congress from that State; but at the outbreak of the Mexican War he resigned his seat in Congress, and joined the volunteers. He volunteered, raised a regiment in Mississippi, of which he was Colonel, and accompanied General Taylor in his campaign, distinguishing himself singularly at Buena Vista. In 1848 he was chosen to the United States Senate. In 1851 he resigned his seat in the Senate, and went to Georgia, Mississippi, as the representative of the disunionist party, but was handily defeated by Mr. Foote, the Union candidate. In 1853 he entered the Cabinet of Mr. Pierce as Secretary of War, and held the office till the election of Mr. Buchanan. He then accepted the seat in the Senate which he filled till the State of Mississippi passed an ordinance of secession, which was subsequently chosen by the Montgomery Convention for President of the Southern Confederacy. Personally, Mr. Davis is a very gentlemanly man, with a soldierly bearing, and rather stern manners: as a speaker, he is fluent, clear, forcible, and sometimes eloquent.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, of Georgia, the Vice-President of the new Southern Confederacy, was born in Georgia on 11th February, 1812, and is consequently forty-nine years of age. In his youth he was poor, and saved his education by the kindness of friends. In 1824 he took his position at the Georgia bar, and instantly gave proof of the talents which have since led him to be considered the "strongest man in the South." In 1843 he

THE BLACK SPOT.

There was much mirth in Hong Kong. The ball at the clubhouse in Victoria Town eclipsed those which the governor and the chief justice, and the 117th in their white-washed mess-room, and the admiral on board his gayly lighted flagship, had given during the past fortnight. Beyond comparison—the belle of the ball—was the beautiful Mrs. G., a fair young wife, almost a bride, who had come from England with her husband, Captain G., the junior captain of the Rifles. All the ensigns and middies, and half the lieutenants, naval and military, to say nothing of the par-boiled young gentlemen in mercantile houses, were fairly raving about the angelic stranger. The foolish boys devoured her with their eyes, and wrote sonnets to her eyes, for any I heard said she was moved along the little parades at hand-time without an overwhelming escort, but no one ever said Georgie was not worthy of the good luck he had drawn, and the great prize he had drawn in the lottery matrimonial, he, the "best fellow" in the service. On this night Mrs. G.—was in the highest spirits, and gaiety, and mirth, and revel, and fun, and was the very centre of attraction—G.—the target of all eyes. Georgie, who knew her too well to be easily made jealous, was in very good spirits, too; so



LIEUT. GILMAN, U.S.A., OF THE GARRISON AT FORT PICKENS.—[FROM AN AMBOINTYPE.—[SEE PAGE 123.]

were most people. Mrs. G.—went through dance after dance, as the band played on with admirable taste and spirit, and still partners buzzed about her, and her little ivory memorandum-book was as filled with writing as a bank ledger.

When she entered the tea-room on one occasion, early in the evening, the young Dr. Rogers, who presided over the waiters, and was steward of the club, started as he looked keenly at the beautiful "Fankw!" lady. She passed by him, repressing, good-naturedly, a smile at his outlandish dress and figure. He stared after her with seeming rudeness or curiosity, and then gave a grunt, and wheeled off to his avocations. Several officers noticed this, but Ching was a character, and no one seemed to know what he meant, or if he meant anything. It was an hour or two later that Dr. G. left the ball-room again. This time she entered the upper-room, leaning on her partner's arm. While the latter procured her some refreshment, the old Chinaman hovered near, looked sharply at the fair "barbarian," and then drew back with a muttered remark in his native tongue. Mrs. G.—never noticed him. Two minutes after, Ching-Lung was seen in close confabulation with a second Chinaman, a tall, thin, gaunt, sun-gem who had been there years in Hong Kong, who had served on the medical staff in the old war, and who was regarded as the chief professional authority on the island. Dr. Rogers was a man who knew China well. He seemed much disturbed as Ching took him by the lapet of his coat, and whispered some communication. The two men's eyes ranged across the hall-room, in the doorway of which they stood a little apart, and fixed on Mrs. G.—The eyes of several loungers followed theirs by a common impulse. What did they see? Surely no terrible sight, but a

young, happy, high-bred Englishwoman, radiant with beauty, health, and gaiety, crowned with flowers, and sweeping through the ball-room like its queen. What was there in all this to make old Ching purse up his expressive Chinese mouth, and Dr. Rogers lift his eyebrows, and bite his lips, with a brown mat knif with a spasm of involuntary anxiety? Some such reason, I suppose, Mrs. G. had, and looked from his place across the room. Mrs. G. was surprised, and a little annoyed, but presently turned away smiling. She thought the doctor, no doubt, an odd, rude old gentleman. Very much compressed were the doctor's lips, and very often did the frown of care return to the doctor's brow, as he threaded his way through the crowd, now of officers, now of ladies, now of men, all bent to bestow on so popular a character until her return to the place where Captain G.—was talking to the Colonel's wife and two other ladies seated on an ottoman. The doctor drew Georgie aside; they were old friends; and begged her a particular favor that he would take his wife home, away from the ball, but without alarming her.

"Alarming her!" said Georgie, quite in the dark as to the other's meaning. "What is it, Bluebird? You won't make me turn out doctor! She's engaged twelve deep, I'll be bound, and it wants an hour of supper-time, and I can't get her away. Besides, she's not tired. Why should she go?"

To this Dr. Rogers merely answered that he begged as a favor that Captain G.—would take Mrs. G.—home. It must be done, and would be for the best. And being hard pressed for his reason, the doctor said Mrs. G.—was about to be ill. It was his duty to ask her husband to take her away from the crowded room.



My companion was not talkative; he was a quiet, almost depressed man, who had led a very monotonous existence with little society among his comrades; so that he did not offer me the occasion I sought for saying saucy and sneering things of the world at large. Indeed, the first observation he made was that we were in a locality that ought to be interesting to Irishmen since there was a branch of St. Patrick's Day in the west of the convent to which we were approaching. No remark could have been more ill-timed; to look back into the past, one ought to have some vista of the future. Who can sympathize with by-gones when he is counting the minutes that are to make him one of them?

What a bore that old Rittmeister was with his antiquities, and how I hated him as he said, "Sir, and you are right. I'd have taken you over to St. Galien to inspect our manuscripts." I felt choking as he uttered these words. How was my time so limited? I did not dare to ask. Was he harboring enough to mean that if I had another day to live I could have passed it pleasantly in turning over musty missals in a monastery?

At last we came to a halt in a little grove of pine, and the old man, without address to give or of friends or relatives, or have you any peculiar directions on any subject?"

"You made a remark last night, Herr Rittmeister," said I, "which did not fit the moment produce the profound impression upon me that subsequent reflection has enforced. You said that if your royal highness were fully aware that his antagonist was the son of a practicing chemist and apothecary."

"I might have put off this event; true enough, when you refused that alternative, and insisted on satisfaction, I myself, as your countryman, gave the guarantee for your rank, which nothing will now make me retract."

"You are pleased to be precipitate," said I, with an attempt to sneer; "my remark had but one object, and that was my personal disinclination to obtain a meeting under a false pretense."

"Make your mind easy on that score. It will be all precisely the same in about an hour hence."

I nearly fainted as I heard this, it seemed as though a cold stream of water ran through my spine and paralyzed the very marrow inside.

"You have your choice of weapons," said he curtly; "which are you best at?"

"I would say the 'javelin,'" but I was astounded to find him sacrifice life for a false modesty; while I reasoned thus, he pointed to a group of officers close to the garden wall of the convent, and said,

"They are all waiting yonder, let us hasten on."

If I had been mortally wounded, and was dragging my feeble limbs along to rest them forever on some particular spot, I might have, probably, given up my progress as easily as I now did. The silent, sombre, mystery of ground tripped me, and I stumbled at every step.

"You are cold," said my companion, "and probably unused to early rising; taste this."

He gave me his brandy flask, and I finished it off at a draught. Blessings be on the man who invented alcohol! all the ethics that ever were written can not work the same miracle in a man's nature as a glass of whisky. Talk of all the horrors of war; but what are they but the simple fact that two-pennyworth of cognac can convert a coward into a hero?

I was not quite sure that my antagonist had not resorted to a similar sort of aid, for he seemed as light-hearted and as jolly as though he was out for a picnic. This was a jauntiness, too, in the way he took out his cigar and scraped his lucifer match on a beech-wood that quite took my breath away, and I should like to have imitated it if I could.

"It's the same to you take the sabre, it's his weakest weapon," whispered the Rittmeister in my ear, and I agreed. And now there was a sort of commotion about the choice of the ground and the places in which my friend seemed to stand by me most manfully. There followed a general measurement of swords, and a fierce comparison of weapons. I don't know how many were not thrust into my hand, and I was thinking, "Take this, it is well balanced in the wrist; or if you like a heavy guard, here's your arm!"

"To me it is a matter of perfect indifference," said I, jauntily. "All weapons are alike."

"We'll attack fiercely, and the moment the word is given," whispered the Rittmeister, "so be on your guard; keep your hilt full before you, and will slice off your nose before you are aware of it."

"Be not so sure of that till you have seen my sword play," said I, fiercely; and my heart swelled with a fierce sentiment that must have been courage, for I never remember to have felt the like before. I know I was brave at that moment, for if, by one word, I could have averted the combat, I would have uttered it.

"To your honor," cried the upstart, "and on your guard! Are you ready?"

"Ready," re-echoed I, wildly, while I gave a mad flourish of my weapon round my head that threw the whole company into a roar of laughter; and, at the same instant, two figures, screaming fearfully, rushed from the beech copse, and, bursting their way through the crowd, fell upon each other with a crash, and a louder laughter of the others. Oh shame and infidele disgrace! Oh misery never to be forgotten! It was Vaterchen who now grasped my knees, and Tintenfleck who clung round my neck and kissed me repeatedly.

From the time of the Laocon no one ever

struggled to free himself as I did, but all in vain—my efforts, impeded by the sword, lost I might unwillingly to whom they were, all fruitless, and we rolled on the ground until exhausted from straining and struggling.

"Was I right?" cried the prince. "Was I right in calling this fellow a saltimbambus? See him now with his comrades around him, and say if I was mistaken."

"How do I dare to say me?"

"I have deserved no censure," said I, trying to rise, and I poured forth a torrent of not very coherent eloquence, as the mirth of my audience seemed to imply; but, fortunately, Vaterchen had now obtained a hearing, and was detailing in fluent language the nature of the relations between us. Poor old fellow, in his blindness between us, he was more than human; and I pressed actually clinging to him; how I had first met them he recounted in the strain of one assisted by gold in classic times; his description made me a sort of Jove coming down a rosy cloud to comfort suffering humanity; and then came in Tintenfleck with his broken words, marvelously aided by his eyes, as she reported for the heap of gold man the grand and singular.

Wonderful metal, to be sure, for enchanting conviction on the mind of man; there is a sincerity about it far more impressive than any vocal persuasion. The very elink of it implies that the real and the positive are in question, not the imaginary and the delusive. "This is all his!" cried she, pointing to the treasure with the air of one showing Aladdin's cave, and then her speech was not very intelligible Vaterchen's "vulgar" ran underneath and explained the text.

"I hope you will forgive me. I trust you will be satisfied with my apologies, made thus openly," said the prince, in the most courteous of manners. "One who can behave with such magnanimity can scarcely be wanting in another species of generosity." And ere I could well reply to his own shaking hands with every one of us, he was gone; nor was the least pleasurable part of this reconciliation the punishment displayed by the Rittmeister at the good issue of this event. I had great difficulty in resisting their resolution to carry me back with them to Brezenz. Innumerable were the plans and projects devised for my entertainment. Field sports, sham-fights, rifle-shooting, all were displayed attractively before me; and it was clear that, if I accepted their invitations, I should be treated like the most favored guest. But I was too much of a philosopher to pretend necessity to be at a particular place by a particular day. I started once more, taking the road with the "vagabonds" who now seemed bound to me by an indissoluble bond; at least so Vaterchen assured me by the most emphatic of declarations, and that, do with him what I might, he was my slave till death.

"Who is ever completely happy?" says the sage of Brezenz, and I was deeply moved. A smile expressed. Here one might suppose, was a situation abounding with the most pleasurable incidents. To have escaped a duel, and come out with honor and credit from the issue; to have refund only my missing money, but to have my suspicions relieved as to those whose honest name was dear to me; and whose discredit would have darkened many a bright hope of mine.

I shamed to own it—my delight in them was dashed by an incident so small and insignificant that I have scarce courage to recall it. Here it is, however. While I was taking a kindly farewell of my military friends, hand-shaking and protesting interminable friendships, I saw, or thought I saw, the prince, with even a more affectionate warmth, making his adieu to Tintenfleck. She was there, and behind her, there was contained a white leather carabine glove curiously attached to her side, and one of her cheeks was deeper colored than the other, and her bearing and manner seemed confused, so that she answered, when spoken to, at cross purposes.

"How did you come by this brooch, Tintenfleck? I never saw it before."

"Oh, is it not pretty? It is a violet; and these leaves, these are all gold." "Ach, mein Gott, girl! who gave it to thee?" said I, in the voice of Othello.

"Must I tell?" murmured she, sorrowfully.

"On the spot—confess it!"

"It was one who made me keep it till he should bring me a prettier one."

"I do not care for what he said, or what you promised. I want his name."

"And that I was never to forget him till then—ever!"

"Do you say this to irritate and offend me, or do you prevaricate out of shame?" said I, angrily.

"Shame!" repeated she, haughtily.

"Ay, shame or fear."

"Or fear! Fear of what, or of whom?"

"You are very daring to ask me. And now, for the last time, Tintenfleck—for the last time, I say to you—I said these words we had just reached the borders of a little rivulet, over which we were to cross by stepping-stones. Vaterchen was, as usual, some distance behind, and now calling to me to wait for him. She turned at my cry, and answered him, but made no reply to me.

This continued defiance of me overcame my temerity, together, quickly pushed it was by a strong spasm, and seizing her wrist with a strong grasp, I said, in a slow, measured tone, "Linsst upon your answer to my question or—"

"Or what?"

"That we part here, and forever."

"With all my heart. Only remember one

thing," said she, in a low, whispering voice: "you left me once before—you quitted me, in a moment of temper, just as you threatened it now. Go not away again, and let this be our last meeting and last parting."

"It is as such I mean it—good-bye!"

I sprang on the stepping-stone as I spoke, and at the same instant a glittering object splashed into the stream close to me. I saw it, just as one might see the lustre of a trout's back as it rose to a fly. I don't know what demon sat where my heart ought to have been, but I pressed my hat over my eyes, and went on without turning my head.

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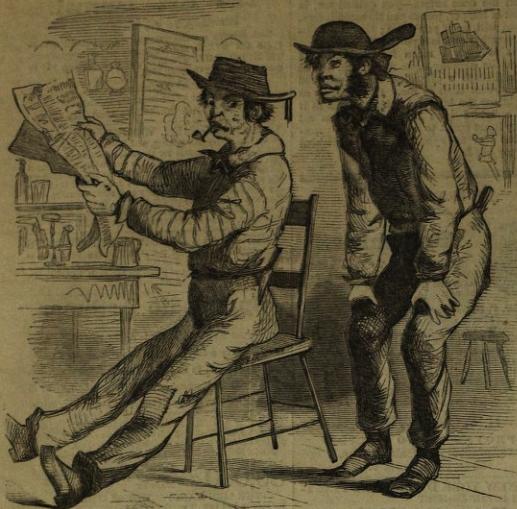
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